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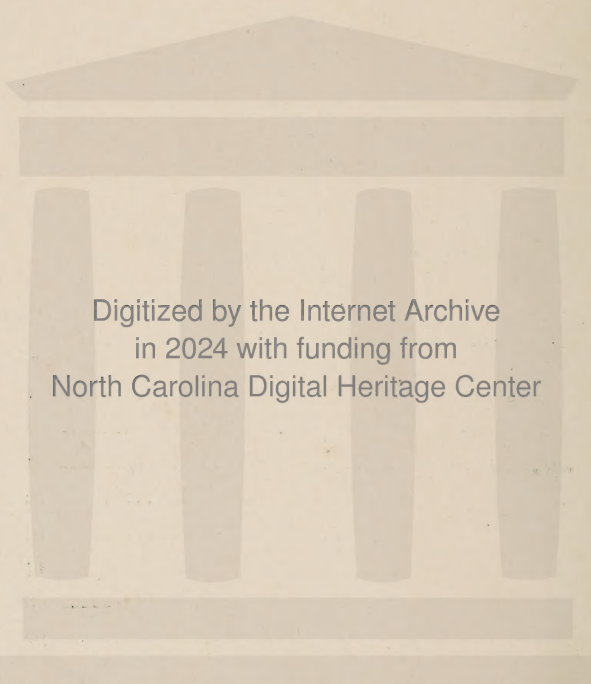
# Voices of Peace.

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.....	1
A BARD ON A BAR.....	2
A SUMMER JAUNT TO LAKE CAYUTA.....	4
ANTON RUBINSTEIN.....	12
SELECTION.....	13
EDITORIALS.....	14
LOCALS.....	18
EXCHANGES.....	30

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# VOICES OF PEACE.

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TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM.

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VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 1.

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EDITORS.		
ANNA TURNBULL,		ALMA WILLIAMS.
LOCAL EDITORS.		
LOIS LOWRANCE,	CELESS DILLON,	BEULAH WITHERSPOON.
EXCHANGES.		
EDMONIA MARTIN,		RAN ARCHER.
BUSINESS MANAGERS.		
JULIA LONG,		JESSIE CARROLL.

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## L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

These works of the immortal blind bard who gave to the world "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are unique in conception and in treatment. They bear the stamp of genius, and prove that he was not only a poet but a profound scholar, imbued thoroughly with a knowledge of the ancient classics and able to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions. Years elapsed before they attained their merited fame. Though Milton's writings are, as a rule, in a serious strain, they are neither gloomy nor effeminate. Perhaps no author ever produced a more striking and delightful work of contrast than is found in L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Mirth and Melancholy, the conditions of human life represented, are anti-thetic and apparently irreconcilable. To the ordinary mind, that which produces one must necessarily exclude the other; but Milton has shown us that each has joys peculiar to itself, and using the beautiful symbols of Ancient Mythology, he has woven together a charming bit of imagery. In the opening lines of L'Allegro, "Melancholy, of Cerberus and



blackest Midnight born," is banished, and the fair goddess Euphrosyne—"heart-easing mirth"—is invoked. She comes with "jest and youthful jollity," laughing and dancing, leading in her right hand the "Mountain nymph, sweet Liberty." From the hour when the

\* \* \* "lark begins her flight  
And singing, startles the dull night,"

until the "livelong daylight fail," and far into the night, all the bright and joyous aspects of nature are sweetly and skillfully unfolded—the ploughman, the mower, the milkmaid, and the shepherd each find, under the benign influence of the laughing goddess, pleasures in their daily tasks, and "the towered cities" feel her power in bliss, not rural, but equally enjoyable. The entire poem is a true conception of the pleasures of various occupations and conditions of men viewed in the light of a vivacious nature.

"Il Penseroso," Shaw says, "dwells upon the aspects presented by similar objects to a person of thoughtful and studious character." It portrays throughout a view of gloom, but contains nothing morbid, and a perusal of it inspires only pensive musings or lofty contemplation. To the thoughtful mind, there is a calm joy in the wooing of the nightingale's song; new beauty in the "wandering moon," as she rides the heavens and stoops to bow her head through a fleecy cloud; sweeter music in the "far-off curfew sound," and in the sad, sweet notes of Orpheus, which "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek," as he pleaded with him for his loved and lost Eurydice. Both poems are replete with the riches of classical literature, and each closes with a charming delineation of the power and influence of music, no less potent in gloom than in joy.

A. G. W.

#### A BARD ON A BAR.

Down stairs in the gymnasium  
A vaulting bar's been placed,  
Which, when we saw, we then did try  
To leap it in all haste.



The first I saw who tried to vault  
 Was young Miss Connie C—.  
 She gave a very graceful leap,  
 And over it went she.

Miss Alice N— next thought she'd jump,  
 And tried it on the spot.  
 She gave a spring and some of her  
 Went o'er, but some did not.

She balanced quite three minutes there,  
 Then turned completely round,  
 And, on the side she started from,  
 She landed on the ground.

We tried to make friend Bessie go,  
 But she, you know, is quite tall,  
 And if by chance her balance missed,  
 She'd further have to fall.

But Bess said if she tried to leap  
 'Twixt bars so close as those,  
 She knew that she most surely would  
 Knock both her head and toes.

Our dear Miss M— next tried to leap  
 The bar so long and high,  
 And then I guess the maiden wished  
 That she knew how to fly.

She balanced but a moment there,  
 Then, like those gone before,  
 With most decided thud, she came  
 A sailing toward the floor.

“A graceful set you girls must be!”  
 I think I hear you cry,  
 But if you think you'd better do,  
 I give you leave to try.

For many other curious things,  
 Of which I will not speak,  
 Still happen there to maidens fair  
 'Most every day and week.

E. B.

## A SUMMER JAUNT TO LAKE CAYUTA.

Are you interested in picnics? Did you ever, to speak honestly and from the truthful depths of your heart of hearts, really and entirely enjoy one?

It has been my good or bad fortune to be brought up, reared, nurtured on picnics. My earliest recollection is of a great red wagon, an abundance of straw, fifteen or twenty children of all sorts and conditions packed closely and lovingly into this same red wagon, a copious and continuous fall of rain, a picturesque though muddy river, a mill similarly modified only in a superlative degree, an inexhaustible supply of snow-ball cakes and weak lemonade, in short, a Sunday School picnic.

If you had a birthday—and in those young and artless years they occurred with greater frequency than now—a picnic was your invariable mode of celebration. If you grew benevolent and felt inclined to help the poor orphans or the destitute Chinese, a picnic was the inevitable channel through which your generous and noble feelings found vent. If you or any of your friends ever recovered from a long and serious attack of scarlet fever or whooping-cough, the subsequent general thanksgiving assumed the familiar form of a picnic.

Sympathetic friend, has this been your as well as my experience? If so, I need discuss the harrowing subject no further. Your own vivid memory will pursue it with greater eloquence and feeling than I am capable of exerting. Even now it makes me weak and limp to muse on those days that are, it is to be hoped, no more, and leaving them I shall try for the present to confine my wandering thoughts and feeble powers of concentration to the subject to be discussed, namely our trip to Lake Cayuta.

Why this particular picnic should be chosen for your delectation from among so many others is a question for the psychologist. Why did the donkey give preference to one



of the two hay-stacks? Why did that unfortunate individual, by historic report situated between the devil and the deep sea, choose one of them? Perhaps, however, the cases are not entirely analogous, for the memory of this picnic does possess one point of distinction from that of a great many others. It is pleasing and grateful, as the picnic itself was unique and delightful.

Our party, sixteen in number, was a happy conglomerate of University professors, students, and one small explorer. This last-mentioned individual, by far the most important and popular of the party, bore, with all the dignity of one and a half tender summers, the proud title of Stanley, and he did it honor. If ever baby existed blest with the happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, Stanley was that infant. Serene and secure in his unassailable position of autocrat and monarch of all within his ken, he reclined in the arms of his mother, or his aunt, or some other devoted vassal, by turns studying the changing landscape and smiling with lofty impartiality on his humble admirers. Anon, fired with the adventurous spirit of his illustrious precursor, he would thoroughly and scientifically explore every corner and cranny of the large four-seated vehicle, his car of state, and numerous and remarkable were his discoveries. Corn, potatoes, and apples were brought to light, and many other things which afterwards proved very acceptable; and as time sped on and the hour of refreshment of man and beast approached, we realized with gratitude what a blessing it was to have an explorer and discoverer in our midst, and such an efficient one as Stanley. The chariot, which had the honor of bearing this benefactor of his race, was also the traveling conveyance, from time to time, of a large proportion of the female members of the party. One man, a youthful Englishman of pleasant accent, acted as leaven to the mixture and instructor in driving to the accomplished young woman who had volunteered to guide the trusty gray nags up the steep and arduous way to their destination.

I say this carriage bore us from time to time, because in our number were two or three noble-minded advocates of anti-cruelty to animals, and they persisted in walking up all the hills in order to spare the poor beasts. Of course we could not permit ourselves to be outdone in these active manifestations of tender and merciful instincts, and so with smiling face and heart whose innermost thoughts were not imparted to our neighbors, we climbed hills, and climbing, gazed with wistful eyes on Stanley in peaceful and happy possession of the carriage, gray nags, and all that seemed, for the time being, to make life worth living.

If any one thing more than another lightened our dragging footsteps and brought a smile of resignation to our lips, it was the sight and plight of the men. Most of them had undertaken to perform the journey on their bicycles, and, animated with this ambitious intent, buoyant and even frivolously gay, they had left Ithaca that morning little dreaming, unfortunate mortals, of the toil and hardships even then darkly impending. Care-free as butterflies, if not as unimpeded by thought, they skimmed over the level road, their wheels gleaming and flashing in the sunlight as they darted back and forth between the two carriages; but, alas! this happy state was of brief continuance. The road to Cayuta, like that to the Pierian fountain, leads ever upwards, and few and short are the level stretches, dear to the wheelman's heart, interpolated among its rugged ascents. Consequently, the hardships of our lot were comparatively ameliorated by the frequently recurring vision of these unlucky beings panting and struggling up the sun-bathed heights, dragging or pushing their useless steeds with something akin to chagrin depicted on their expressive faces.

It is possible that, owing to my descriptions, you have received the impression that so far, at least, this excursion was anything but enjoyable. If so let me persuade you to spare your sympathies, for such was not the case. It may be, and for some reasons undoubtedly is, pleasant to



climb the hill of life in a soft-cushioned carriage, but the individual who does so, though apparently blest, misses many a wayside joy and delight realized to fullest fruition by the humble pilgrim plodding patiently along the same road. And so it was that, though we enjoyed from an artistic point of view the topography of the country from our seat at Stanley's side, we were more than glad to walk occasionally and avail ourselves of the opportunities of taking in its minute details, such as ripe, juicy apples and mellow, golden pears, beckoning to us from overburdened trees which nestled invitingly near by in hedges that skirted the road. If our moral natures did not suffer a hardening process that day, it was because they had been so inured by previous experiments on similar occasions that nothing could render them more appreciably callous. You would have been interested, perhaps, in noting the spirit in which the different farmers and farmers' wives, sons, daughters, and other chattels bore our depredations. Most frequently they said nothing, but glared and blinked at us in a half-stony, half-dazed fashion that might mean many things, which we did not, however, take the trouble to translate. One woman, in whom might have been traced a faint resemblance to Mrs. Poyser, after scorching us with fiery and contemptuous glances as we placidly gathered a few bitter and very knotty pears from her greensward, gave utterance in scathing language to her sentiments on the subject of wandering gypsies and strolling vagabonds. We left her and her faulty pears without regret and without remorse.

Another woman took a kinder and more sagacious course which, though it did not save her property, at least caused a momentary sensation of shame to permeate our depraved natures. Seeing a pump in her yard we had ventured to get some water, and, of course, refreshed ourselves at the same time with the apples which chanced to be cumbering the ground near by. This wise and cunning woman appeared upon the porch and informed us in dove-like tones that we could find much better fruit down in the orchard. We were

really touched by this gentle administration of coals of fire. Still, such was our unparalleled effrontery, that we went and we found the fruit.

A little further back allusion was made to two carriages, and as only one has been discussed hitherto, it is perhaps time the occupants of the other make their entrance into this sketch. One of them was a young man returned but the day before from a protracted sojourn in Germany, and 'tis needless to inform the intelligent reader, especially if she be a Peace girl, that next to Stanley he enjoyed a position of distinction and pre-eminence in that party. Aside from the halo of interest surrounding him, due to his newness and comparative strangerhood, he seemed to claim this tribute on other and more deserving grounds. What was the nature of these grounds was not divulged, but that they were lawful and well established was patent to all. When he smiled, all were gay. When he spoke, the most respectful attention was accorded him. When he uttered a witticism, everyone laughed. Considering his recent residence in Germany, and the disastrous effect that the climate of that country seems to have upon the latter-day American's memory of his mother tongue, he spoke English with a grace and fluency that was truly remarkable. Were he merely indulging in reminiscences of his landlady and her false teeth, in such beautiful and poetic language did he clothe his thoughts, in such musically mellifluous accents did he give them utterance, that Ossian seemed resuscitated, and Apollo, incarnate, swayed us with his eloquence. His personal appearance was sufficiently pleasing, and the only thing in his dress that marked him as different from the ordinary man was a pale-green necktie of most fantastic form and pattern. This challenged the wonder and admiration of all and the comment of a daring and privileged few.

I have entered into these minute details in regard to this member of our party, because, being wholly new and strange



to me, he seemed to require special mention along with the landscape and other phenomenal occurrences of the way.

That reminds me that I have not as yet entertained you with any lengthy description of scenery, etc. Perhaps you have been thinking that you will be spared that infliction at least. Alas, for your hopes! I know my duty better. Give me time and a few peeps into the "Land of the Sky," or some book of similar character, and then you shall see.

Our first stop was at Enfield. Of course we went through the gorge, climbed up and down the perilously shaky ladders, and admired the place where the falls were wont to be when the presence of water rendered their existence real. Without doubt their absence was as improving to the imagination as their presence could have been pleasing to our sense of the beautiful, for it opened a splendid field for the exercise of this faculty. Then came luncheon, and, in the opinion of all, from Stanley down, it furnished the most successful scene enacted so far in the day's drama. This meal was spread at the entrance of the gorge on a rustic seat beneath the interlacing branches of some fine old trees. A picturesque campfire sent its gracefully curling blue ribbon of smoke upward, while a musical kettle suspended over it emitted a delicious and stimulating aroma of boiling coffee.

Scattered through the grass we quaffed this nectar from tin cups which seemed to impart to it an additional flavor and excellence. And how spicy and refreshing did a pickle taste after one had been fishing for it with a hat-pin for five or ten minutes! And ginger-bread served from the tin in which it was baked is surely the most appetizing thing in the culinary world.

Fain would we have lingered longer in the enactment of this Arcadian scene, but time was passing and Cayuta was still many miles away. Reluctantly, therefore, we quitted the pleasant spot and resumed our journey.

Our course now lay along a winding country road, and we soon began to reap due reward for the toilsome climb of the morning. For ever and anon delightful vistas burst

upon our view—hill upon hill, range upon range, all of the most delicate shades of blue, melting softly and indistinctly into each other and the atmosphere. Then when the distant lake showed itself to us in rare and tantalizing glimpses, it was ravishing!

As the hours sped by doubt began to rise in the minds of a few sceptically inclined as to the existence of Lake Cayuta. Perhaps it was a myth; perhaps those glimpses we had seemed to catch of it were of the nature of a mirage; perhaps we had lost our way; perhaps it would be better to turn around and start home. Without seeing the lake? No! Perish the thought! We would see that lake or die in the effort.

Still, as the evening shadows crept over us, growing and lengthening each moment, the firmest of purpose were showing signs of wavering, when loud and clear arose a shout from those in front—"The Lake!" "The Lake!" and there it was, the long-talked of, and anxiously looked for, stretching its beautiful length of shimmering blue almost at our feet, calm and pellucid, dotted over with white-winged sail-boats and gleaming softly in the golden light of the afternoon sun. Our joy was boundless, but there was no time for raptures.

Selecting a suitable place for encampment, we dismounted and hastily reconnoitered the work to be done. Wood must be gathered, fire kindled, and the dinner, the crowning achievement of the day, prepared. Did you ever roast corn by holding it before the fire fixed on a long and wobbling stick, in sharpening which you had previously mutilated half your fingers? Did you ever roast potatoes swathed in corn-husks in a fire which had no ashes, no coals, no anything, seemingly, but a superfluity of tear-bringing smoke and an unnecessary amount of smut which had great affinity for your hands? Did you ever have the potatoes to part company with their wrappers as soon as they touched the fire, and then have to fish them out while the scorching blaze was exerting its noblest efforts



to reduce you to a charcoal? If none of these experiences have been yours, my advice to you is the same as that given by a grave and learned judge to a young man who was so unfortunate as never to have eaten any toasted cheese. Try it. Did you ever, after thus exerting yourself, sit on the mossy ground in the reposeful half-light, half-shadow of the gathering twilight, the flushed and happy faces of your companions around you, their light and cheerful talk and merry laughter caressing your ears; before you the beautiful lake, magnificent in splendor borrowed from the setting sun; behind you a shadowy background of whispering trees, and at your feet—temptingly set forth—the fruits of the joint labors of the party? Did you ever do this? If not, well, even though the corn was burnt, and the potatoes unrecognizable as such—it, taken as a whole, was as delicious as the steak, which I have shamefully neglected to state had been skillfully and scientifically prepared by the youthful Englishman of aforementioned pleasant accent, and you would do well to try it, too.

It was now time to start home, and, as the men had so unusually exerted themselves during the day, it was agreed that they should take their wheels to the nearest station, ship them to Ithaca, and drive back with us.

One brave hero undertook, "alone and no man with him," to ride his bicycle home. He did it, but is reported upon moderately truthful authority to have remarked afterwards that, if, in that wild night ride, he left one stone unturned by his faithful wheel, it was because that stone was not between Cayuta and Ithaca. The rest of us had a sufficiently peaceful drive. Stanley slept, and the others either followed his worthy example or sang as we journeyed along the starlit road. Soon the seventeen miles were traversed, and the lights of Ithaca rose upon our horizon; and, soon after, we were at home, tired and just a little somnolent, but perfectly sure that, when we had regained sufficient energy to frame a thought, it would be that the day had been very delightfully spent.

N.

## ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

On the 20th of November, news was received announcing the death of one of the most brilliant of the world's geniuses.

Anton Rubinstein is no more. His long, wonderful career is forever closed, and not only does the musical world deeply mourn his loss, but thousands of people who have been inspired and uplifted by his magical power will never forget him.

Rubinstein was born in Bessarabia, November 30, 1830, and in ten days would have reached his 64th birthday. His parents were wealthy, but lost their fortune through a lawsuit, and this circumstance had much to do in the development of the musical talent of their two sons—Anton and Nicolas.

Madame Rubinstein was the first instructor of her two sons, and was a remarkably intelligent woman, besides being an accomplished pianist. She was so successful as a teacher, and her children made such rapid progress, that the family resolved to move to Moscow, where the mother put her sons under the instruction of the excellent teacher, Villoing. She, herself, took a situation in the Imperial Institute for Education. At the end of two years Anton, whose genius was even then apparent, was able to perform at concerts in Moscow.

In company with his master, Villoing, he went to Paris, where he was on friendly terms with all of the distinguished musicians there, and received much aid from Liszt. His debut in Paris, at the early age of ten years, created a perfect furore. The next three years of his life were spent in concertizing throughout all Europe. He then went to Berlin, where he remained over ten years, playing now and then in concerts, but mostly devoting his time to study and composition. On his return to Russia, he founded the great Conservatory there, and was so successful as a director, that it has become one of the foremost European institu-



tions. Since 1868 he has traveled as a virtuoso, and honored us some years ago with a visit. Outside of Paderewski, perhaps, no pianist has ever received such an ovation as did Rubinstein during his visit to America. His name, even to-day, is almost a household word.

To describe Rubinstein's playing would be an impossibility, for only those who have heard him can form any idea of his wonderful performances. Those volcanic outbursts of his fiery Slavonic temperament, contrasted to the deep unutterable melancholy which he so well knew how to express, will no more move and sway the hearts of thousands of eager listeners.

As a composer, time will have to tell what is worthy to remain. His works have been prolific, ranging from songs and piano solos to grand choruses and orchestra works.

Outside of his musical attainments, he was a learned and earnest student of theology, spoke with fluency five or six different languages, and was a patriot and a philanthropist of the highest type.

V. D.

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Our share of night to bear,  
Our share of morning,  
Our blank in bliss to fill,  
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,  
Some lose their way.  
Here a mist, and there a mist,  
Afterwards—day!

*Selected.*

## EDITORIALS.

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THE OPENING days of school are full of both pain and pleasure; pain, because we are one year older than when we entered last year, and already we miss our friends as they start out in diverging paths from the straight one of childhood which we travel together, and our hearts yearn for the sympathetic friend and the honest rival of former years; but new scenes and new faces are joys, and have a soothing effect, and we are soon busy investigating the new girls and whatever there may be of new surroundings.

Such were our feelings this year. As we drove up the shady avenue to dear Peace, we found ourselves thinking of the old girls whom we should greet, and of the new ones whom we should try to help, and before we knew it we were in the hall kissing everybody we saw, and full of interest in all that was passing.

Yes, there had been quite a number of changes in the old familiar home—the conservatory had been removed, and a large brick flooring put under the porch, making a beautiful vista as you ascend the steps. The chapel had been retinted and improved, the rooms repainted and refurnished with nice new carpets, and a fine bath-room put on the upper floor. The studio had new models and a curtain to screen the light on work from nature, and the gymnasium was completely fitted up with most approved apparatus.

Then those hammocks on the porch, how we did enjoy them!

And many new faces greeted us, though now it seems strange to think that we haven't always known these girls. What we have done since we met will soon be told you, so we need not dwell upon it. We are now members of one large family, and are working ever for God and the right. Our year has been, so far, one of exceptional pleasure and thorough work, enlivened by frequent visits from old girls,



and from the parents of some of the fortunate ones who do not live very far from Raleigh.

When our friends come to Raleigh, we trust they will come to see us and the school, and we are sure they will agree in voting us a second "Happy Family."

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IN RECENT years there has been much discussion about The Higher Education of Woman. Girls of this century seem to have more ambition and love for study than had our grandmothers, who were content with just the very beginnings of an education. It is true these had not the same advantages as the girls of our time, for now there are many female colleges where a girl may receive an education which compares well to that given by the male universities in the country.

But the question arises, What is meant by Higher Education? A girl goes through the course, passes her examinations, receives her diploma, and then presumes that she has received a splendid education. I fear one would find, upon investigation, that she has a faint idea of everything, and a clear idea of nothing.

Why is this? Because she has finished the course just to say she has been highly educated, and has not devoted her time and talents to some special course of study in which she could perfect herself.

Now when a young man enters a university, he has usually decided what profession he will pursue and what his life work will be. He devotes himself to such lines of study as will be helpful; while many women content themselves with a superficial knowledge of everything, thinking they have no *special* work to do. But do they know, can they tell what reverses may overtake them when they will probably be thrown on their own resources, and be obliged to support themselves and perhaps others who may be dependent upon them?

How much wiser then would it be for a young girl beginning her educational career to decide upon some special course and concentrate upon that all her energies, and not try to undertake such an extensive education, which she has not time to master perfectly. Let her also unite practical knowledge with book knowledge, and then will she be well prepared to enter the world, and engage in the conflict of life.

The Principal of Peace, having long held the above theory, tries to carry it out in the education of the girls given into his charge. There is here no *iron-clad* curriculum, which says "this one course you must take and no other," but after careful talk with the students, he advises what he thinks best for each, heeding ever the particular bent of each mind.

For the one who would make a specialty of languages, there is the course leading to the degree of "Graduate in Languages," and after the fundamental work in various branches, she is allowed to concentrate her energies upon the special subjects which she has chosen.

Then literature and science have their adherents, and the earnest faces of the students show that they are working intelligently and earnestly, not in a stereotyped way as so much "dumb, driven cattle."

In the ornamental branches the same idea prevails. After going through the essential grounding and reaching the stage where an intelligent choice can be made, each pupil is allowed to have a voice in the selection of her work, and the successful pupils of the school show that this is the rational way of developing individuality and obtaining thorough knowledge.

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THE INCREASING popularity of outdoor sports signals a more healthy people. Plenty of exercise and fresh air are two of the requirements of good health, and when, in addition, amusement is afforded, the physical forces receive a decided



stimulus. Tennis, a modification of an ancient game played by the Chinese, and mentioned by Shakespeare in one of his plays, is a most invigorating exercise, and though it has been an American favorite only within the last fifteen or twenty years, it is now in danger of being superseded by Golf, the fashionable Scottish sport.

Basket ball is another very popular outdoor sport, and is very much less brutal than the game of foot-ball which seems to have completely inflamed the minds of the boys and men in our various seats of learning.

The advance of the bicycle has been very gradual, but it now threatens to take the place of the horse in the patronage of society. Let us hope, however, that the women who enjoy this pleasure will never go so far as to don divided skirts. They are neither beautiful nor becoming, and it is sincerely to be hoped that our Southern women will never indulge in such a fashion.

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WISHES.

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I wish that friends were always true,  
 And motives always pure;  
 I wish the good were not so few,  
 I wish the bad were fewer.  
 I wish that parsons ne'er forgot  
 To heed their pious teachings;  
 I wish that practising was not  
 So different from teaching.—*Ex.*

## LOCALS.

Ask Misses Burke and Knox how they like tennis.

Our school pins have come, and we think they are very pretty and appropriate.

Bessie Wharey and Janie Pharr, former students of Peace, have been visiting Susie Clark.

Mr. Grinnan, a missionary from Japan, gave us an interesting talk one morning in October.

Miss Anna Morton, class of '93, has been at Peace on a short visit to her aunt, Mrs. Dinwiddie.

Mrs. Early tells us she is going to give us a French soiree soon. We all anticipate a pleasant time.

Isabel Fairley was at Peace during the Fair. Her sister, Janie, is numbered among our new girls. This is now the third year that Peace has done Fairley well.

Our sympathy and love go out to Mary Thompson, who has been called home to Pittsboro by the death of her brother.

Miss Herbage, in Rhetoric class—"Who writes in dry style?"

Miss Faust—"Dryden."

Our local editor, Lois Lowrance, of Dallas, Texas, expects to spend Christmas with her brother who is studying at Hampden Sidney, Virginia.

One of the girls was singing "My love is like a red, red rose," when her fond little room-mate said: "Why don't you say it's like a Wither(ed) Rose?"

Miss Mary Dinwiddie spent several days in Selma this month on a visit to Miss Dora Vick, a former student of Peace. She reports a delightful visit.

In Mental Philosophy, when discussing the *will*, one of the class remarked, that she was in a deplorable condition, for she had no control over her Will at all.



One of the girls on her way to Peace saw a field of cotton and exclaimed to her friend, "O, Daisy, just look at the little maple trees!"

There is one girl in school who will always be Blue until she can change her name. The Long and Short of it is, there are others who would not reject a chance.

One beautiful night when the moon was shining bright, Julia Long was heard to say, "O, this makes me so homesick, for we have a moon just like this at home."

Early in the fall we had the pleasure of seeing Thomas Keene in "Hamlet." Later, James Young played "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." We enjoyed them very much.

A pretty little curly-haired Peace girl was seen making her will the other day. Thus it ran: "The curl on the right to J., the one on the left to L., etc., but the heart to Willie!"

We regret very much losing Cora and Louise Holt from the household. Their parents have removed to the city for the winter, and they and their little sister Mattie attend school as day pupils.

We were very glad to have even a short visit from El. Green, Lilly Bell, Lucy Taylor, and Beulah Wilson while they were at the Fair. Mattie Faucette, Dora Vick, and Annie Fields were also here.

We enjoyed a visit from Bessie Wharey and Janie Pharr while they were in Raleigh. Dora Vick and Margaret Waddell have also remembered us. It is always pleasant to see our friends, and we trust that we may often have that pleasure.

Mr. W. A. Withers, who for three years had charge of the Classes in Physics and Chemistry, gratified us by showing his continued interest in the shape of a medal which he offers to the pupil making the best grades in Physics and Chemistry.

Miss Mary Slover, of Newbern, has been with us since October. Her niece, Mary Guion, is not the only one who has been made happier by her presence. She has so endeared herself to all of us that we hope she will remain with us many weeks longer.

We acknowledge invitations to the marriages of the following former pupils: Maude Cotton, of Winston; Gussie Rhyne, of Mt. Holly; Maude Fleming, of Raleigh; Willie Simmons, of Wake Forest. We extend our sincere congratulations to the grooms, and our heartiest good wishes to the dear brides.

The work in the studio is going on with renewed zeal and earnestness this year. Quite a number of new girls have undertaken the regular course and joined the sketching class. Some of the advanced workers are painting from nature. For some time they and their teacher were very busy getting pictures ready for the State Fair, but now they are again at regular work.

The Literary Society has had many pleasant meetings this year. Soon after the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes they devoted an evening to the discussion of his life and works. Miss Merrimon, class of '92, was with us then, and sang most feelingly "The Last Leaf on the Tree." Even now it is with regret that we realize that she and her classmates "are gone, they are gone."

Among our new girls none are more studious and pleasant than a group of Mr. Bryant's former pupils, who are again studying with him and his charming wife. The party consists of Eleanor Field, from Texas, and the following girls from Virginia: Jean Graham, Daisy Howe, Mazie Robertson, Mary Whitehead, Bessie Thompson, and Joie Brittain. Several of these appeared in our first concert, and reflected the highest credit upon Mr. and Mrs. Bryant and themselves.

A more beautiful day could not be imagined than that of Thanksgiving, and the invigorating air made us feel that we

could do justice to the sumptuous dinner that awaited us on our return from church. In the Baptist Tabernacle a profound and scholarly sermon was preached by Dr. Daniel, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The earnestness and beauty of his language impressed all, and we hope his plea for the unfortunate orphans was not without effect. At night we were given a very delightful entertainment by Mrs. Dinwiddie. The feature of the evening was that each girl represented some *character* or song, etc. A prize was awarded the best representation. The first prize was awarded to Edmonia Martin, who represented Davidson College, and the second prize was given to Julia Long, who represented Little Boy Blue. The prizes were awarded with appropriate speeches by Dr. Daniel. Afterwards refreshments were served. We had a delightful time until the bell announced that our very pleasant evening was over. We certainly appreciate the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddie and all the teachers, and will long remember our pleasant Thanksgiving at Peace.

Sometime ago we received a lovely white and gold volume, which, upon examination, we found came from the pen of our gifted young alumna, Miss Maude Merrimon. It is a biography of her distinguished father, the late Judge Augustus Summerfield Merrimon, and comes straight from the heart of the daughter, who was, indeed, the most competent person to write of the father whom she so loved. The story of his life is most interesting. Starting from the narrow mountain home, he came out into the world determined to quit himself like a man. How successful he was is already a matter of history, for North Carolina gave into his hands some of her most responsible and honored positions. For several years he was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and when "called higher" was sincerely mourned by his family and the entire State. The story is most beautifully told, and is a fitting tribute to the noble man who is now "with Christ, which is far better."



Extract of a letter written by one of the Virginia girls to a friend :

“More than welcome was the little message which came to us Friday afternoon, ‘Mr. and Mrs. Bryant would like to have the Virginia girls come over this evening.’

It was our first Friday at Peace, and quite naturally we were somewhat homesick and blue, not because we were disappointed in the many attractions of Peace and our new surroundings, but because our hearts turned back to Dixie and the old folks at home.

We went over at the appointed time, and oh, what a lovely evening !

Mr. Bryant entertained us for awhile as Max — Mr. Bryant says Max is the best boy in the world—just wouldn’t go to sleep, but cried incessantly. However, this lasted only a short time, and Mrs. Bryant came in and took us into the dining-room. What a sight for a school-girl’s eye ! The table and the good things to eat were nice enough for any queen. Joie Brittain and Mazie Robertson ate more than anybody else. I was really shocked at the grape-hulls when they finished.

The evening passed entirely too rapidly for us, and when it was 9:30 a sigh went round the little table. After telling dear Mrs. Bryant good-bye we were brought home by Mr. Bryant, and even now ‘What a nice time we had at Mr. Bryant’s,’ furnishes our main topic of conversation.”

On the first Saturday evening after our arrival at Peace our Lady Principal gave her annual reception. Just after tea we gathered in the girls’ parlor and were cordially received by Mrs. Dinwiddie, who, with her sweet and charming manner, soon caused us to forget homesickness and to feel free and easy.

Among the pleasant features of the evening were delightful recitations by Miss Herbage, our elocution teacher, and some French and German selections rendered by Mrs. Early. The music given by Professors Darnell and Bryant was highly appreciated and added much to our enjoyment. In

the back parlor was a daintily decorated table heavily laden with delicious fruits of which we were invited to partake, and right heartily did we do justice to the feast.

One bright sunny afternoon, soon after the opening of school, our President took a party car-riding. We rode on several of the principal streets, passed by the A. and M. College, St. Mary's School, the State buildings, Pullen and Brookside Parks, and the Cemetery. The conductors were very kind, and allowed us a few moments at the Parks and the Cemetery. We returned just before dusk, after having spent a most pleasant afternoon.

A most interesting program was rendered by the Musical Faculty of the Institute on the night of September 18. It opened with a piano solo, the Wagner-Liszt "Spinning Song," which was well executed by Miss Knox. Following this was a vocal solo by Mrs. Bryant—"Rode's Air" and variations—which was enjoyed to the fullest extent by all hearers. Then came the well chosen selection, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," rendered with great feeling and expression by Miss Herbage. The next on the program were the instrumental Solos: Nocturne in E, and Waltz in Ab—Chopin—performed with the greatest expression and skill by Mr. Darnall. Then a vocal solo, "Waiting"—Millard—by Mrs. Bryant, with violin and piano accompaniment. Miss Herbage next entertained the audience with a violin selection. Mr. Darnall charmed the listeners with his magnificent voice in the song "It Was Not So to Be"—Nessler. Last on the program was a piano solo, one of Mr. Bryant's compositions, beautifully rendered by him.

On the last night in October, "Halloween," so called by tradition, we were invited after study hour to the gymnasium, where a feast had been prepared for us. The following hour or more was spent trying our fortunes in every conceivable way, and tasting, I can't say lightly, the dainties already prepared. Some, so our fortunes said, were destined to be "old maids," and some to have the *misfor-*

tune of marrying a young man, an old man, or a widower. But I think we were not very firm believers in fortunes, so they did not interfere with the pleasures of the evening. We disliked very much to say good-night, but the "best of friends must part." We went to our rooms to talk and dream of the evening so pleasantly spent.

A very unique little entertainment was given by Misses Burke and Knox November 3d to the girls on their halls. The invitations were received and ran thus: "You are cordially invited to attend the Picture Gallery -----, and bring paper, pencil, and thinking-caps." We were there at the appointed time with paper and pencil, but I am afraid some of us forgot our thinking-caps. And what should our eyes behold other than a large table covered with pictures, or perhaps we should call them "articles." Each article had upon it a number, and we were all provided with a list of what the articles represented. Our duty was to put the number of the article by the side of what we thought it represented. Eleanor Ballard was the fortunate one in getting the greatest number correct, and gained the prize. Knox Johnston and Mary Thompson tied in getting the booby, and each was presented with some cents, which were thought very appropriate. Then came the refreshments, which, it is useless to say, was an exceedingly enjoyable feature of the evening. The time soon came for us to bid our hostesses good-night, but be assured we will ever cherish fond recollections of the pleasant evening spent with Miss Nannie and Miss Bertha.

On Sunday afternoon, November 25, Miss Tyler made a most interesting talk in the chapel before the Peace Missionary Society and the Busy Bee Band of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Tyler is herself most entertaining. Her father was for forty years a resident of Natal, preaching to the benighted Zulus the way of life. Here his daughter was born, and here she spent most of her life—staying in America



only long enough to be educated. As we looked at her, it seemed strange to think that she, who with such refined accent and manner told us of the customs and language of those far-off people, could have been reared in their midst and feel as much at home speaking their tongue as when she spoke English. Their language is remarkably sweet and smooth, the only peculiar sounds being those given to c, q, and x. The children of the Band thought it must be quite nice to have those funny little clicks, and faint imitations of the sounds were heard from their places. "What a friend we have in Jesus" has been translated into the Zulu tongue; and, as Miss Tyler sang it to our same dear air, it brought to us vivid pictures of those heathen Zulus, so long under the power of spirit worship, hearing and singing of the Great Friend who understands and shares our joys and sorrows.

The pictures and curiosities were especially charming, for we had never before seen things from Zululand. The blanket of cocoa bark and the funny little pillow were to be gazed at, but hardly to be exchanged for our comfortable beds and covers.

We feel under many obligations to Miss Tyler for her talk, for it has not only aided in giving us intellectual knowledge, but quickened our desire to send to others the great blessing of the Bible.

THE CLIPPINGS below may be of interest to our friends. We are gratified at the words of approval which we have received, and feel inspired to go ever "onward and upward."

#### SPECIAL CULTURE AT PEACE.

The Physical Culture Department at Peace Institute is quite an interesting sight to the visitors who call to see it. The gymnasium is well supplied with new apparatus, and the new gymnasium suits are very cute.

There seems to be marked improvement in the physique and health of those who practice faithfully in this department. They are very agile and active, and it is a charming sight to see them in full exercise. Some of our pale-faced, narrow-chested sisters would be amazed at the results of a well regulated system of physical culture. — *News and Observer*. 1894

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#### THE WAY WE ARE MOVING.

From a most casual observation it is very evident that our Southland is constantly improving. What immense strides we have made since the war!

Our literary institutions now rival the best in the North. They have not the fine buildings and expensive appliances, but they are doing most solid work.

In this direction Peace Institute, of this city, is characterized with energy and push. It now has a large and enthusiastic Faculty, all of whom are specialists in their departments. They have three literary degrees, two degrees in art, and two in music.

Its graduates do the work required to be done in Wellesley and Vassar. It has also a musical department, the "Peace Conservatory of Music," with two directors, one from Leipzig and one from Boston, and four very able and accomplished assistants.

The recent concert given by the Faculty of Peace Institute should convince everyone that no artists superior to them can be found in any female schools anywhere.

The work done in the Art and Literary Departments seems to be equally thorough and of equally high grade. This school seems to be growing steadily in solid patronage, and its pupils are a hearty, healthy, and handsome set of girls, ready and willing and able to do the very best work.—*News and Observer*.

---

#### THE MUSICAL TUESDAY NIGHT.

One of the most Successful Entertainments of the Year.

The concert given at Peace Tuesday evening was a brilliant addition to the long list of successful entertainments given at that institution. The opening chorus, "The Belfry Tower," was sung by fifty voices that had been carefully and thoroughly trained by the director, Mr. Gilmore W. Bryant. The ladies' chorus, "Rest Thee on This Mossy Pillow," was one of the loveliest of lullabies, tenderly and feelingly rendered by a full chorus.

The rest of the programme was given entirely by the Musical Faculty of Peace. Miss Francis Herbage is master of her chosen instrument, the violin, and the exquisite notes came trippingly from her bow. Her technique is particularly fine, and she has been rarely equalled on a Raleigh stage. Her rendering of "Welsh Classics" shows her just as much at home in elocution, and the piece was warmly applauded.

Mr. Darnall gave both a vocal solo, "The Soldier's Dream," and a piano solo, The First Movement in Beethoven's Sonata in C. His voice is a baritone of fine timbre, and one listens intently to each word. His playing is full of power and exquisite interpretation, and he carries the audience with him, and we not only hear but feel the magnificent thoughts that are contained in the composition.

Miss Bertha Knox gave Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12. The technical difficulties of this composition were presented with a clearness and brilliancy which captivated the audience.

Mrs. Bryant sung "Speak," by Andite. Her voice is so



round and full that there seems no end to it. Her articulation is particularly fine, and it is with regret that one sees her leave the stage.

The duet, "Echoes," by Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Darnall, closed the performance, and the memory of its exquisite notes still lingers with us.

In short, these artists have at once earned first places in the musical world, and repeated success crowns their every effort.—*Raleigh Daily Press*.

#### PEACE INSTITUTE'S EXHIBIT.

Beautiful Specimens of Work in all Departments of Art—  
One of the Treats of the Fair.

Among the handsomest exhibits at the State Fair was that of Peace Institute. There were beautiful specimens of work done in all branches of art, and during the entire time an admiring crowd stood about the exhibit.

The school lives up to its motto "To be and not to seem." So with the watchword "Thoroughness!" ever before its pupils, they are well grounded in drawing before doing more advanced work in crayon or colors.

Among the work from cast were the Young Bacchus and Hermes. Just under the latter stood the cast from which it was taken, giving an opportunity to see how perfectly the cast had been reproduced upon the paper.

There were also many groups from still life and nature. Particularly fine were the groups of fruits done in water-color. The pastel work was exquisite—View on the Bronx River and Little Mischievous being things of great beauty.

The Lady of the Lake and the Lunch of the Hay Makers were handsome crayons, while I lingered with pleasure before the tapestry. Being such a fad just now, this is a much abused department of art, but I have rarely seen such elegant specimens as Love and Jealousy and Mignon.

Just in the centre of the space stood a case of China, which held two chocolate sets, several vases, a dessert set, and a tasteful nut set. The Worcester vase, decorated

in orchids, and the large vase decorated in old blue, were extremely fine and considered the handsomest pieces of china exhibited.

In short, the whole display was full of taste, and reflected the highest credit upon the school and the earnest and successful Faculty and pupils. Needless to say, the blue ribbon floated over this exhibit, and all said it was one of the treats of the Fair.—*Charlotte Observer*.

### MUSICALE AT PEACE.

The first musicale of the year was given at Peace Institute last night, when several talented young ladies were introduced. The rendering of each selection demonstrated more thorough and conscientious study and a better comprehension of the work than usually characterize such entertainments. It is evident that musical advantages of a high order can be enjoyed at this institution. The following was the programme :

1. Piano Solo, Bubbling Spring, Rive King, Miss Margaret Knox.
2. "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," Fanning, Miss Julia Long.
3. Piano, Tendresse, Pacher, Miss Joie Brittain.
4. Recitation, The Drummer Boy, Miss Ruth Worth.
5. Piano, Ricordati, Gottschalk, Miss Daisy Howe.
6. Vocal, Creole Song, Smith, Miss Janie Faucette.
7. Piano, Dorothy, S. Smith, Miss Mozelle Stringfield.
8. Vocal, When the Bloom is on the Rye, Miss Eleanor Field.
9. Piano, Etude de Style, Ravana, Miss Beulah Wither-spoon.
10. Violin, Serenade, Gorman, Miss Ethel Norris.
11. Vocal, Snowflakes, Cowen, Miss Carrie Archer.
12. Piano, Rondo Brilliante, Weber, Miss Julia Long.

—*From News and Observer*.

## EXCHANGES.

The most noticeable improvement that we have seen in the exchanges is in *The Davidson Monthly*. This very probably is due to the fact that the new editors feel urged to win distinction in journalism before the close of the year.

In the October number of *The Davidson Monthly* we find an article on "An Elizabethan Lover and His Love" which occupies about ten pages, and also one entitled "Amongst the Tombstones." We would advise our fellow-students to look more to the future and let the past be past. In the November number of the same periodical they seem to be living more in the present age, as it opens with "The Silver Question."

We would suggest that *The Academy* add to its neat columns a longer personal.

We wish to sympathize with the editors of the *Converse Concept* after their receipt of the last *Davidson Monthly*. "Blessings, like curses," etc.

THE VOICES wish to compliment the classic purity of "The Greek and the Puritan" which appeared in the last issue of the *Trinity Archive*.

We are always glad to see the weekly papers from Chapel Hill, and wish to thank our friends for keeping us so abundantly supplied with the 'Varsity colors.

The November number of the neat and much improved magazine of Austin College indicates that they are really becoming wide-awake. We are glad that it is not necessary for all of us to sound a reveille. The editors, however, seem not too wide-awake to dream of love. Texas is not the only State whose rustic youths can be wounded with shafts from Cupid's bow, and can pour forth their ardent feelings in a model love-letter.



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# Voices of Peace.

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## CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
GERMAN, FLEMISH AND DUTCH PAINTERS.....	1
PEACE—ONE YEAR AFTER.....	5
FROM THE LAKES TO THE GULF.....	6
COMMENCEMENT.....	11
A SONG AT NIGHT.....	21
EDITORIALS.....	22
LOCALS.....	25
EXCHANGES.....	29

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PEACE INSTITUTE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.





# VOICES OF PEACE.

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TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM.

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LOCAL EDITORS.		
LOIS LOWRANCE,	CELESS DILLON,	BEULAH WITHERSPOON.
EXCHANGES.		
EDMONIA MARTIN,		RAN ARCHER.
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## GERMAN, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH PAINTERS.

The rude inhabitants of northern Europe, less sensitive to beauty than were the more civilized Romans, found their first expression of art in the grave lines of Gothic architecture and in the sculpture necessary to its adornment rather than in the study of painting. Artists of the Byzantine period did occasionally migrate into Germany, but they left few traces of their skill, and it was not until the time of Albrecht Dürer that a distinct school of German painting was established.

Dürer's style is decidedly German, and his paintings show much individuality. His "Christ Among the Doctors," with its realistic, repulsive Pharisee and full-faced Saviour, is an exaggeration of the earlier German School. Like Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer is a versatile genius, and is known as a painter, engraver, sculptor, architect, and writer. Touque's Sintram was taken from one of his most celebrated engravings, "The Knight, the Devil, and Death," but his masterpiece is "The Trinity," designed for one of the churches of Nuremburg.

Standing next to him in fame is Hans Holbein the Younger, who was reared in a very atmosphere of Art and who painted independently when only fifteen. "The Meyer Madonna" and the "Dance of Death" are his most celebrated works, though he is best known as a portrait painter. His portrait of Anne of Cleves must have greatly flattered the lady, for when Henry VIII saw the original he flew into a passion that cost Cromwell his head.

Memling is one of the best Flemish painters of this time. He divides the laurels of fame with Jan Van Eyck, who introduced oil painting into the North. Memling, though less powerful than Van Eyck, has more poetic feeling which gives a great charm to his work.

Those were the days when craftsmen jealously kept to themselves the secrets of their inventions and discoveries. There is an amusing story told of the way in which Bellini, then at the head of painters in Venice, discovered the secret of the Germans. Antonello of Messino, who was traveling in Venice, was said to have had the secret from the inventor himself, and Bellini, who had tried by every means to gain the knowledge he wanted, resorted to a trick that was much laughed at in his own circle. "Feigning to be a gentleman," he commissioned Antonello to paint his portrait, an expedient which gave him the best opportunity for studying the stranger's method. He must have felt a little embarrassment when seated in the sitter's chair in the unaccustomed role; but that did not prevent him from noting with true professional vision each movement of the painter, the colors on the palette, the vials on the table, and the compounds into which the pencil was dipped. One wonders if the portrait was ever finished, or if after a time the Venetian, with a big laugh and roar of triumph, announced that his purpose was served and his end gained.

Art in Flanders was rapidly degenerating when the genius of Quentin Matsys linked it to the fame of Antwerp. He

is known by his vigorous coloring and simplicity of style, and by his famous pictures. "The Entombment" shows all the grandeur of a Rubens.

After the death of Matsys and Dürer, art in Germany fell into a deep sleep from which there was no awakening until the time of Cornelius, Overbeck, and Paul Rubens. Aroused by the rumor of the revival of art in France, Overbeck founded for himself and his followers a little school in Rome which afterwards became quite famous. His influence, however, was not so much felt as was that of Cornelius who was one of the greatest of modern painters. He is not a great colorist, but his figures, though often statue-like, are perfect, and his drawing is worthy of the utmost praise.

Paul Rubens was born under a lucky star, for few artists, except Raphael, have had so successful a career. Handsome, well-born, and fascinating, he was equally praised as a courtier, a diplomatist, and a painter. His very pictures are worldly, and there is no spirituality in his works. Full of animation and dramatic vigor, he lacks soul, and his characters are uncompromisingly real. One author complains that his Dutch Magdalenes "wring their hands like repentant washerwomen." His productiveness is amazing, for he painted between three and four thousand works,—his "Descent from the Cross" being the chef d'oeuvre of Flemish Art.

Van Dyck is the most famous of his pupils; after him comes Jacob Jordaens. There is an element of coarseness in most Flemish Art, and this appears to excess in Jordaens' work; yet he is an excellent colorist and painter. The Museum of New York owns a very fine Jordaens, "The Triumph of Bacchus." Van Dyck was the greatest portrait painter of his time, and his "Portrait of Charles I" and "Children of Charles I" are well known. Possessing less power than his great master, he shows that feeling which is wanting in the works of Rubens.



David Teniers the Younger is the third great master of the Netherlands. He is known by his pictures, "The Knife Grinder" and "The Peasant With the Beer Jug." His style is very much like that of Rubens, of whom he is often considered a pupil.

At the close of the seventeenth century Flemish Art was almost dead and was not fully revived until the appearance of Henri Leys, at the beginning of the present century. "He was," says a critic, "a man who sought beauty in the human figure and face for its own sake \* \* \* a fine, powerful, and variously endowed colorist, really a colorist in the true sense of the term." His favorite picture is "Margaret and the Magistrates of Antwerp," and he is one of the few modern painters whose works will stand by the side of the old masters.

The very early Dutch painters were almost Flemish in character, and it is not until the time of Rembrandt that Holland has a school of its own. With him began the realization of Dutch Art, the representation of the people and their doings. Rembrandt is especially noted for his treatment of light and shade. The "Night Watch" is his greatest work. Nature was his model and he was his own teacher.

Of Rembrandt's pupils, and the Dutch painters in general, each is distinguished in some branch of art. In animal painting, Paul Potter stands foremost; in genre, Van Ostade, Hals, and Brouwer; and in landscape the leading name is that of Jacob Ruysdael.

The pictures of the Dutch school are generally characterized by small size, carefully elaborate execution, and apt perceptions of character. None of its painters rival or approach the great Italians as regards elevation of subject and conception, unless it be the artists in landscape.

Art, born vigorous and full of life when Holland became free, died after the Peace of Utrecht, when a purely popu-

lar government was changed to one of hereditary Stadt-holders, who quickly became kings. The earlier pictures of the Dutch school are like the ballads of a country, the expression of the national thought and feeling; the later pictures, though admirable in themselves, show a distinct degeneration from the vigorous works which were the fruits of the young republic.

“ Vanished is the ancient splendor,  
And before my dreamy eyes  
Wave these mingling shapes  
And figures, like a faded tapestry.”

M. P.

#### PEACE—ONE YEAR AFTER.

Dear hearts, leave me here a little, while as yet my heart  
throbs fast—

Auld Lang Syne seems to be with me, I would grasp it ere  
'tis past.

Dear old Peace and all around it—as of old, the gay birds  
call;

Listen, you will hear their answer from the light hearts in  
the hall.

Many a night in yonder chapel, ere to rest I'd laid me down,  
Did I ponder Virgil's beauties, did I see my laurel crown.

Many a night I saw my medals rising through the mellow  
shade

Glisten, sparkle, dance and frolic; beck and mock me, there  
to fade.

Still I stared into the future, blessed with buoyant youth  
sublime;

Yes, there were the tales of science and the *long* result of  
time.

When the centuries behind me weary grew of long repose,  
Reformation, Revolution, Coalition rose and rose.

How we dipped into the future far as schoolgirls' eyes could  
see,  
Charlie, Tom and Dick and Harry triumphed there for you  
and me.

In the spring saw Peace's beauty in the grove and lawn so  
green,  
In the spring saw airish Seniors, high and mighty, yet  
serene.

Good-bye, dear hearts. Oh, speak it gently; smiles and  
tears to-day are seen.  
Home we're going—parting's sorrow. Seniors are the least  
serene.

Oh, my Muse, yet linger with us; share our peaceful, sweet  
repose—  
Ah, a mighty wind arises, roaring westward, and she goes!  
F. P.

#### FROM THE LAKES TO THE GULF.

From the Lakes to the Gulf is a trip that was full of interest to one who had never seen the great Mississippi and the country on either side. As we sped on our way to New Orleans, different landscapes passed in panoramic view before us, and at frequent intervals new types of houses and people indicated the differences of climate and latitude.

Leaving the fertile and open land, we found ourselves, the following morning, among the red hills of Mississippi. The small patches of corn and cotton around the log cabins of the negro tenants recalled the more prosperous days of the State before the war. In the afternoon the richer green



of the trees and the swamps with their magnolias and moss-draped oaks told us that we were nearing the lowlands of Louisiana. Darkness came upon us as we ran into Lake Pontchartrain, and here the bloodthirsty mosquito made us content to watch for the light of New Orleans through the closed car window.

We found a city different from all others we had ever visited. Its geographical position, its climate, its mixed and restless population account for many things that strike the stranger as peculiar. Its early history of unrest and continued change of allegiance to the several nations fixed the character and habits of the people. They are universally devoted to pleasure and ease, and their officials allow greater liberties to the citizens than in most of the other large cities of this continent. This is especially true of the foreign portion of the population—the French, Spanish, and Italian citizens—who occupy the eastern portion of the city and cling to their national habits. Until recent years, and even now, many of these send their children to Europe to be educated in their native tongue, and these languages are spoken in certain quarters almost entirely. The French, Spanish, and Creoles are prominent in society, while the Italians are devoted to politics and their spoils, sometimes to a very dangerous degree.

East of Canal Street, which divides the city into two sections, we found on American soil the reproduction of an European city. Its architecture, the builded history of its people, is distinctly foreign. The old Spanish Cathedral and court buildings; the old French Market; the classical design of the residences, with entrances at the street and courts in the rear; the small wooden blinds on the shop windows; and the narrow streets indicate very plainly the origin, custom, and thought of the people who built them. The newer and western portion of the city bears the mark of the American in its wider streets and modern buildings.

The liberal yards, the broad piazzas, and the inviting entrances to the residences, all suggest the comfort that their inmates enjoy and the hospitality they extend to others.

Everywhere we noticed the absence of basements, and the presence of open gutters full of running water, carrying off the drainage of the city. They fail to do this in severe rain storms and cause serious inconvenience. We were caught away from home one evening when a heavy storm made rivers of all the streets and covered the sidewalks with six or eight inches of water. In some places it overflowed into the stores and restaurants. As we stood in the hotel entrance, we might have imagined ourselves in Venice—without the gondolas. The young boys found great sport in wading, but to us the sight grew tiresome, for midnight drew near before the stream receded enough for us to get home in water about one inch deep. This absence of drainage in such a large city, so unfavorably located for natural cleanliness, is a source of wonder to outsiders; yet statistics do not show a greater percentage of deaths here than in some other large cities. In the western portion of New Orleans these street gutters are alive with small minnows and crawfish, and the small boy can catch them to his heart's delight. The river at this point is higher than the level of the city and is kept out by the levees. Here we see the typical Southern negro as he is developed on the steamboat of the great river, handling sugar cane and cotton.

The people of New Orleans are great lovers of ease and pleasure. At few places do the people breakfast earlier than eight o'clock, and among society devotees the coffee in bed and breakfast at ten o'clock is more popular. This custom of black coffee before breakfast and after dinner originated with the French. The French and Creoles and lite society encourage the theatre, opera, fancy balls, and all social amusements. The French Opera is the fad of

New Orleans from early fall to Mardi Gras season, just before Lent. The old Opera House is magnificent in plan, proportion, and decoration. It is so arranged that the beautiful women, who abound in New Orleans, have ample opportunity to display their charms of dress and person. We are told that, outside of Paris, in no house in the world can there be duplicated the gay and beautiful sight of a full dress night at the French Opera in New Orleans. From New Year to Lent fancy masked balls are given in great number. Some of these are especially gotten up for the visiting public who flock here in great numbers during this season of the year. The Clubs who give these balls are secret organizations, and the names of their members are never revealed. The masker is known by number, and the ladies consider it a great honor to receive a card from an unknown knight inviting her to take part in the opening dances.

Amid all this gay life the people are very zealous in honoring the dead, and we could not fail to notice the length of the funeral processions that pass daily through the principal streets. The notice of death is attached to the telegraph poles. It is usually in French and invites friends to attend the funeral. On the morning after burial, the family publishes a card in the paper expressing their gratitude to all friends and acquaintances who were present. There are a great many cemeteries in New Orleans, and some of them are very old. The coffins are placed in large brick vaults above the ground, because the water in the soil is so near the surface. These vaults are plastered or cemented and kept whitewashed. The Catholics devote one day in each year to the decoration of the tombs of their friends.

The Catholic Church has a great stronghold in New Orleans. Its traditions and belief make themselves felt in the whole community. A great many of the negroes have



embraced this religion and worship promiscuously with the whites, especially so in the foreign quarter. We had not been here very long before we were asked if we possessed a St. Joseph. This is a small bronze image that can be covered by two thimbles. It represents St. Joseph who is supposed to be able, under all circumstances, to procure for you a wife or husband, and the old Catholic priest who deals in them finds a large demand for his goods. We were told of one instance where a young lady, nearing thirty, lost faith in her mascot. She tortured him in numerous ways, standing him on his head and throwing him against the floor, and finally pitched him out of the window in disgust. Now it happened that a very handsome man was passing, and St. Joseph struck him on his hat. The gentleman recognized the image and looked up to see the young lady as she turned from the open window. St. Joseph worked his charm on both, and their acquaintance resulted in happy marriage. So, in New Orleans, the possession of this little image is a never failing source of hope to all those who seek achievement in the matrimonial arena.

There are many other things here that interest and please, and we do not blame the New Orleans people for loving their city and climate. The gulf breeze keeps down the temperature in summer, and in winter there are very few disagreeable days. If there is one thing to which we object it is the mosquito, and we have heard people who live here say that there are no mosquitoes in New Orleans. We could not believe that after our experience with them, even as late as November. A certain firm in the city has made a large fortune by monopolizing the trade in bars to keep out these insects, and these are kept in service throughout the entire year.

But, in spite of this drawback, we like the city and its most hospitable people who are always so loyal to their home and country.

J.

COMMENCEMENT.

The race is over—the last mile post has been reached, and the year of '95, having done its work, is now numbered with the past. It came to us so readily and lived with us so steadily that we cannot resist a word of retrospection before telling of its end.

Our Principal stated during the exercises on Monday evening that, of all his years of teaching, the session just closed had been the most satisfactory, and paid a high tribute to the deportment and faithfulness of his pupils. The months had indeed been full of diligent application, and in the success of Commencement was reflected the zeal and earnestness of both pupils and teachers. As well fitting such a pleasant year, its close was one of unusual brilliancy, and with friends and loved ones gathered to see the end, the girls of '95 shed new lustre upon the fame of the dear old school.

The Commencement opened with a general entertainment on Friday evening. The stage was tastefully draped in green and white, the school colors, while from the loops of color peeped the modest violet—the Class flower. Upon the wall was the Class motto, and the handsome palms and the roses across the front made a fitting background for the pupils who looked charming in their simple white gowns.

From the *News and Observer* we clip some notices of this and the other entertainments.

The programme was as follows:

"Good Morning, Tommy Tompkins" .....S. T. Pratt.  
CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

"Flying Jim's Last Leap." .....  
MISS EDITH BUTLER.

"Neger Tanz" .....Gurlitt.  
MISSES CLARA SIMMONS AND ELIZA WILSON.

French Recitations.

ORAL CLASS.

"Pizzicata" .....Delibes.  
MISS LUCY COLE.

## Hoop Drill.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS NO. 2.

"Mr. Brown has His Hair Cut."

MISS ELLA MCGEE.

"Turkish March".....*Beethoven.*

MISSES MAUD DINWIDDIE AND PEARL RODMAN.

"Dance, my Darling Baby."

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

"Counting the Eggs."

MISS MARY E. WHITEHEAD.

"Waltz".....*Mack.*

MISSES LULA McDONALD, MARY BRIGGS AND CLARA SIMMONS.

"The Eagle's Rock."

MISS B. LAWRENCE.

"Sailor Boy's Dream" (two pianos).....*La Hache.*

MISSES ETHEL NORRIS AND LAURA KING.

Drill—"Good Night."

PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS NO. 1.

"Of all the good features, the children's chorus received the lion's share of applause. The first chorus, 'Good Morning, Tommy Tompkins,' was very bright, while the 'Dance, my Darling Baby,' from 'Wang,' brought forth a storm of applause; the audience demanded an encore, and the charming little ones sang 'The Owl Song.' Ending the programme the children's chorus appeared in a very pretty drill and song, 'Good Night'; the white-robed little ones carried lighted candles and made a pretty picture. The hoop drill, by the second class in physical culture, was full of movement and beauty. The hoops, rimmed with daisies, framed the faces of the fair girls and added an easy grace to the drill."

## ALUMNÆ MEETING.

On Saturday the Alumnæ Association of Peace Institute held its annual meeting from 6 to 8 o'clock in the ladies' parlor. Many representatives of former classes were present, and greetings were read from absent members.

Miss Susan Clark, the President, presided most gracefully, and in cordial words welcomed the friends, both old

and new: "These are happy occasions for those of us who are so fortunate as to be here; still there runs a tinge of sadness through it all as we think of the absent ones and realize that perhaps we have seen some of them for the last time. Since our graduation sorrows have come to many of us,—indeed, there is no life free from care—but we know that the lessons learned within these walls have been an inspiration, and we look back with pride and joy to the happy days spent here and are glad to return for a few hours to talk over the time when we were Peace girls. Though many of our number are absent, we hope to have a few words from each class to know how they have fared on the journey of life."

From the response to the toast to '85 the following extract is taken: "So unconsciously have the years sped that we hardly feel our age until we see around us ten younger sisters, fresh and fair, and we know that although the time seems to us as yesterday, that yesterday and to-day stand divided by the summers and winters of a decade of years. My class has been scattered

" Like roses in bloom,  
Some at the bridal and some at the tomb,"

and we have but few here this evening to represent the large Class of '85. A goodly number, after trying the world, have flown back, like Noah's dove, to the refuge of the school-room; others have married, and one has joined the innumerable host above."

After the transaction of business relative to the scholarship established by the Association, delightful refreshments were served.

The retiring officers are: Miss Susan Clark, President; Miss Merrimon, Vice-President; Miss Bellamy, Secretary and Treasurer. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Miss Belvin, President; Mrs. S. B. Norris, Vice-President; Miss Kate Stronach, Secretary and Treasurer.



## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

"In the First Presbyterian Church, Sunday morning Rev. A. J. McKelway preached the Baccalaureate sermon. He is a strong, forcible preacher, and clothes his thoughts in purest English. The story of Queen Esther was his theme, and his text Esther iv, 14: 'Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this.' He drew from the Scriptural narrative of the lovely Queen lessons of highest duty and devotion. Introducing the subject, he said: 'This day is to some of you the beginning of days. Not inappropriately are the closing exercises of a college styled the commencement. For you months and years of special preparation are ended, and life, in the fullness of liberty and responsibility, begins. And the hallowing recollections that come thronging at such a time as this, and the tender sentiments that always accompany a parting from the familiar and the dear, and the half-anxious, half-exulting outlook upon the future are eloquent sermons in themselves. It is not my purpose to tempt for you the ambition of thought or even to excite the livelier emotions of the fancy, but to speak to you a few simple, earnest words, which by the help of the adventitious circumstances may, perchance, live in your memory and, by the blessing of God, bear fruit in your lives.'

"The altar was adorned with handsome potted plants, slender lilies, and rich roses set in a background of dark green palms.

"A special choir from Peace Institute furnished the music, which was superb. The musical programme included the prelude by Mr. Bryant; 'Lead, Kindly Light,' by the Peace Institute Chorus; Smart's 'Love Divine,' by Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Darnell; 'The Righteous Living Forever,' by the Peace Institute Chorus. The Offertory, by Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Darnell, has received the highest praise.

"The special choir, whose singing was so much enjoyed, was composed of Misses Minnie Mangum, Mary Dinwiddie, Mary Thompson, Julia Long, Bertha Knox, Carrie Archer, Janie Faucette, Lois Lowrance, and Bettie Dinwiddie."

#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

"Peace Institute, in all its long career, has kept pace with the progress of the education of woman, and to-day she stands in the front rank of those institutions which are lifting the daughters of the nation to the highest intellectual plane. Its success is gratifying because it is so well deserved.

"The ample chapel was filled by a large audience of friends and patrons who had gathered to witness the Commencement Exercises. On the platform sat the graduating class of nine young ladies, Misses Conn, Archer, Powell, Murphrey, Shellum, Dillon, Young, Rankin, and McCallum; Rev. Dr. Eugene Daniel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; Rev. L. B. Turnbull, of Durham; Mr. O. J. Carroll, Mr. W. S. Primrose and President Dinwiddie.

"Rev. Dr. Daniel offered prayer.

"Gabussi's 'The Fisherman' was sung by a chorus composed of Misses Kirby, J. Mitchell, M. Thompson, A. Mitchell, J. Faucette and M. Knox. These young ladies have fine voices which in the chorus were heard to advantage.

"Professor Dinwiddie then announced the distinctions in the various classes for the term, those being named having received an average of over ninety per cent. in their studies.

"Miss Julia Long rendered Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Capriciosa' as a piano solo. She has a firm, forceful touch, unusual power of expression, and puts meaning into music.

"Misses Mary and Bettie Dinwiddie sang Lucantoni's 'Springtime of Love.' This bright music-poem was finely rendered; the clear, sweet notes of the soprano contrasted well with the full, rich voice of the contralto, and the two blended in sweet harmony.

“Professor Dinwiddie then presented the prizes to the successful young ladies.

“Prizes in the Art Department are—in the regular course: for excellence in work from cast and nature, to Miss Mazie Robertson; for the greatest progress during the year, to Miss Cora Richardson; for excellence in painting from ‘The Flat,’ to Miss Anna Turnbull; for excellence in drawing from ‘The Flat,’ to Miss Mary Bell. A special prize for excellence throughout the course was awarded to Miss Mary Pescud. For progress and excellence in the Free Hand Class two scholars were in such close competition that the committee decided upon a second prize, awarding the first to Miss Bessie Hodges, the second to Miss Mattie Simms. In Elocution, for the highest grade and for faithfulness during the entire year, to Miss Mary Whitehead.

“Miss Lulie Ives rendered Mozart’s ‘Air Varie’ as a violin solo, with accompaniment on both the piano and the violin. Miss Ives showed perfect technique and played with expression as well as fidelity.

“The certificates of proficiency in various studies were conferred upon the following young ladies:

“Misses Mary Pescud, Art; Edmonia Martin, English; Pauline Stanback, English; Jessie B. Carroll, English; Sallie Kirby, English; Mazie Robertson, Art; Bessie Rankin, Art; Rosa Withers, Latin; Ruth Worth, English; Cora Richardson, Art, Mathematics and Science; Mary L. Toot, Latin; Alma G. Williams, English, Science, Mental and Moral Philosophy.

“Miss Ran Archer sang Howard’s ‘Birds of Song’; she was accompanied by Misses M. G. Thompson, Julia Long, Daisy Howe, S. L. McKinnon, Lois Lowrance and L. Ives. Miss Archer’s voice is of unusual compass—rich and clear, and is under perfect control. The audience showed their approval by liberal applause.

“Rev. L. B. Turnbull, pastor of the First Presbyterian

Church of Durham, delivered the address to the graduating class. This was thoughtful, earnest, and full of excellent advice to the young ladies who are just on the threshold of womanhood. He conferred the diplomas upon the graduates, who received them with graceful acknowledgements.

"By request Mrs. Bryant, who is one of Raleigh's favorites, sang Dudley Buck's 'When the Heart is Young.' She was enthusiastically encored and favored the audience with 'Robin Adair.'

"Marshal O. J. Carroll in a graceful speech presented the following handsome medals:

"Withers' Chemistry Medal, Miss Beulah Witherspoon; Primrose Penmanship Medal, Miss Pearl Rodman; Burwell Latin Medal, Miss Celess Dillon; French Medal, Miss Mary McCallum; English Essay Medal, Miss Alma Williams; Everett Mathematics Medal, Miss Daisy Young; Special Medal for Diligence and Faithfulness for two years, Miss Ran Archer; Deportment and Scholarship Medals, Misses Alice Meserve and Mary Knox Johnson.

"Litolfte's 'Spinnlied' was rendered on five pianos by Misses B. Witherspoon, D. Brown, B. Dinwiddie, G. Bush, and L. Tisdale. This grand finale ended the programme of the evening."

#### THE STUDIO RECEPTION

was held in the halls and parlors on Monday and Tuesday evenings after the exercises in the chapel, and was a credit and honor to the Institution.

"The work from nature and from the flat was especially good—the portraits were excellent. Misses Eunice Worth, Addie Lee Short, Anna Turnbull, Carrie Polk, Mary Pescud, Anna Stronach, Lucy Land, Mary Bell and Mazie Robertson deserve especial mention for excellent work, both from nature and the flat. Miss Daisy Jones is one of the most painstaking and promising workers in the class.



"The decorative work, in china and tapestry, attracted much attention, particularly notable being the plaque and Dresden set of Miss Stronach, the lamp of Miss Kreth, the work by Miss Turnbull, and the china of Mrs. Herbert Jackson and Miss Timberlake.

"The embroidery class had some handsome work on exhibition. This class is taught during the leisure hours of winter, and has accomplished good work."

## ANNUAL CONCERT.

"Tancredi" (eight pianos)-----*Rossini.*

MISSSES YOUNG, HOWE, TIMBERLAKE, BELL, GRIMES, CONN, BUTLER, RANKIN,  
WORTH, BRITTAİN, RAMSEY, JOHNSTON, TOOT, BAILEY, ABERNETHY,  
POMEROY, M. COLE, WHITEHEAD, SHORT, MCGEE, REEVES,  
B. THOMPSON, MARTIN, C. HOLT.

"Gaily Chant the Summer Birds"-----*De Pinna.*

MISS ELEANOR FIELDS.  
*Violin Obligato*, MISS HERBAGE.

"Erl King"-----*Schubert-Liszt.*

MISS MARGARET KNOX.

"Una Voce Poco Fa"-----*Rossini.*

MISS ARCHER.

"Romance" (violin)-----*Rubenstein.*

MISS MARION WALKER.

"Cheerfulness"-----*Gumbert.*

CHORUS CLASS.

"The Soldier's Joy."

MISS MATTIE FAUCETTE.

"Robin's Come"-----*Henssler.*

MISS MARY G. THOMPSON.

"American Suite"—Andante—Polonaise-----*Bryant.*

MISSSES J. LONG, J. BRITTAİN, M. RAMSEY, M. FAUCETTE, M. WHITEHEAD,  
D. HOWE, B. THOMPSON, L. LOWRANCE.

"Swiss Air" (violin).

MISS MARY DINWIDDIE.

"Roberto" ("Robert le Diable")-----*Meyerbeer.*

MISS MINNIE MANGUM.

"Gruss an Hanover"-----*Labitzky.*

MISSSES M. NORRIS, L. HOLT, L. IVES, M. GUION, M. THOMPSON, P. RUSSELL,  
C. ARCHER, B. KLEUPPLEBERG, M. MANGUM, M. FOUST, B. RAMSAUR.  
C. DILLON, S. L. MCKINNON, D. BROWN, J. CARROLL,  
J. FAUCETTE.

“Rossini's ‘Tancredi,’ a composition of thrilling grandeur, was well played by the twenty-four performers who rendered this inspiring number on eight pianos.

“Miss Eleanor Fields sang De Pinna's ‘Gaily Chant the Summer Birds,’ with violin obligato by Miss Herbage. The sweet soprano, especially clear and liquid in its high notes, found an added sweetness in the violin accompaniment.

“‘The Erl King,’ by Schubert-Liszt, was rendered by Miss Margaret Knox. The grand majestic music found a fitting interpreter in Miss Knox. She combines a remarkable force with the easy grace of the finished performer, and through all there is a vein of real genius.

“Miss Carrie Archer sang brilliantly Rossini's ‘Una Voce Paco Fa.’ It was an almost faultless rendering of this fine work of the great composer. Miss Archer is one of the most accomplished vocalists Peace Institute has sent forth. Her rare, sweet voice has been carefully trained, and is under excellent control. She was presented by Professor Dinwiddie with a certificate of proficiency in music.

“Miss Marion Walker rendered as a violin solo Rubenstein's ‘Romance.’ She has an exquisite touch and plays with a sympathy and grace seldom found in an amateur. This number was thoroughly enjoyable.

“That bright chorus of Gumbert's, ‘Cheerfulness,’ which makes one almost feel that spring has found a voice, was sung by a class of twenty-four young ladies whose fresh sweet faces harmonized well with the beautiful chorus.

“Miss Mattie Fancette recited ‘The Soldier's Joy,’ in which love is mixed with sound of fife and roll of drum. C. D. Gibson's lovely girl, who figures so often in his artistic drawings in ‘Life’ and ‘Harper's,’ seemed to be incarnated, with the grace and picturesqueness of the artist's ideal. She was enthusiastically applauded, but did not respond to the encore.

“Miss Mary G. Thompson’s high soprano was very effective in Henssler’s ‘Robin’s Come.’ The difficult runs and high notes were accomplished without apparent effort, and with melodious cadence.

“Professor Bryant’s own composition, ‘American Suite’ in both the ‘Andante’ and ‘Polonaise’ movements, was finely rendered.

“Miss Mary Dinwiddie’s rendering of a ‘Swiss Air’ as a violin solo was marked by expression, force, and brilliancy. She has almost complete mastery of this difficult instrument. The marked clearness and purity of the high notes and the richness of the rendition were notable.

“Miss Minnie Mangum sang the ‘Roberto’ from Meyerbeer’s great ‘Robert le Diable.’ Her voice is of remarkable compass and force, while sweetness is not lost in unusual power. This difficult number was finely rendered.

“Professor Vernon Darnall sang (by request) ‘The Lost Chord,’ and was given a real ovation. On his recall he rendered as a piano solo the ‘Love Dream’ of Liszt. Polk Miller said of Professor Darnall, ‘He has the touch of a poet.’ These two numbers were vastly enjoyed by the music-lovers in the audience.

“The fitting finale to this excellent programme was the superb rendering of Labitzky’s masterful ‘Gruss an Hannover,’

“Peace Institute has long held front rank in music. Under Professor Baumann its school of music attained to high perfection and wide reputation. Under Professor Bryant and Professor Darnall it has been still further developed, and with this development has grown its reputation.

“The teachers may be proud of their pupils. Tuesday night’s concert was perhaps the best Peace Institute, with a long record of notable performances, has ever given.”

The entire program was magnificently rendered, and press and audience were unanimous in the verdict that it had been a concert of exceptional brilliancy and merit.

Thus, with kind words from friends ringing in our ears, we said goodbye to the session of '95 and shook hands with it, knowing that "a jollier year we shall not see." But "a new foot on the floor and a new face at the door" remind us that we must now turn to '96, and may many of us meet again to welcome the new term!

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### A SONG AT NIGHT.

IRENE NORMAN MCKAY, CLASS OF '89.

Through drifting cloud fleece burn the stars,

(The mocking-bird is singing)

The cattle stand by pasture bars,

(The mocking-bird is singing)

Down by the alders night winds blow,

On swaying grasses dewdrops glow,

The rose drops petals soft as snow,

(The mocking-bird is singing).

The moonlight sifts o'er moaning pines,

(The mocking-bird is singing)

The gleaming white road sadly winds

(The mocking-bird is singing)

Around the meadow, by the mill,

Where all the noise of day is still,

And silent broods the whip-poor-will,

(The mocking-bird is singing).

The song of night above day's death—

(The mocking-bird is singing)

It needs no words, the thing he saith

(The mocking-bird is singing)

With evermore that minor strain

Blent in the haunting sweet refrain,

Such as hearts sing when taught by pain,

(The mocking-bird is singing). — *Youth's Companion*.



## EDITORIALS.

WITH this issue THE VOICES makes its bow for the season, with grateful acknowledgement of all the encouragement and help so kindly given by its friends.

From a small four page paper it was enlarged this year to its magazine form, and we hope that in the hands of its new editors it may keep in the road of progress and always receive the encouragement that has so liberally been bestowed.

We have had an ideal of perfection ever before us and, though we have not attained to it, we hope the editors of each year will more nearly reach it, and we feel sure their work will prove to them as it has to us—pleasant and profitable. To our friends who will not be with us next year, we bid a fond adieu. May their school life here be a blessing, not to them alone, but to all with whom they come in contact. And to those who will again fill their familiar places we wish a happy holiday season and trust that the pleasures of summer will only add renewed zeal for their winter's attainments.

TO THE girl who has for years applied herself to diligent study in her preparation for after life, whose horizon of vision has for the most part been defined by the walls of the school-room, the occasion of her graduation is a most momentous one. Life seems to assume a different aspect; a new vista is opened stretching far ahead, bright with promise if she will but seize the opportunities afforded. New duties present themselves, and the question naturally arises in the thoughtful mind: "What can I do—what will most enhance my usefulness and influence, and bring to me the greatest measure of happiness?"

The sphere of each of us is so varied, the circles in which

we move so diverse, that no rule of action can be laid down—each must be a law unto herself, and individuality must mark the course of each.

Whatever may be the duties of the years before us, there is one thing all can do: we can use these preliminary acquirements as stepping-stones to higher attainments, and by diligent improvement of the introduction to knowledge, press toward a full acquaintance with the riches of literature and science. She who does not advance will, in effect, recede, and duty to parents and a grateful remembrance of Him who is the author of all our advantages require that, without neglecting the affairs more immediately pertaining to our active life, we continue to increase our store. The growth of the mind demands food as surely as does the health and growth of the body, and the development of our mental powers is but fairly begun by our few years of college life. The foundation is laid upon which it is our privilege to build a superstructure which will reflect credit upon ourselves and bring honor and happiness in after life. If to an earnest desire to so improve ourselves we add all the Christian graces, without which no character is fully rounded, we can by patient endeavor and loving service so fill up the time allotted us that the world will be better for our having lived in it and the plaudit "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," greet us when the sands of life have run their appointed course. Each life is but

"A single stitch in the endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb,"

but it is a part of the perfect whole, and if we fail to use the opportunities afforded us for self-improvement and usefulness in whatever niche we may be called to fill, we will find that

"The pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,  
Or marred where the tangled threads are crossed;  
And each life that fails of its true intent  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant."

A COUNTRY'S glory is its happy people, and a happy people, in their turn, add to their virtues a loyal love for their native land, for

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!”

So with schools—it is not the buildings and apparatus only that speak for the worth and work of an institution; it is the sons and daughters to whom she points with pride, and whose fame and attainments reflect such glory upon their Alma Mater. What a sweet word that is; and when its true meaning is not only realized, but recognized, happy indeed are both the school and its pupils. For each is dependent upon the other, and no school can succeed without loyal and loving support from its students, and there is no influence in life more potent than that of the dear mother whose care surrounds us in our school days.

This is not simply a relation for a few short months or years. Even though we may part and be separated far, the links are only extended, the golden chain is yet unbroken, and school and pupils are bound together about the throne of God.

The Alumnæ and students of Peace are a tower of strength to her, and the pupils who have gone from her walls have been ever loyal and steadfast in aiding her every effort to advance the cause of true womanhood. Upon them she relies for encouragement and support, and never yet have they been lacking. In many ways they can and do show their readiness to respond to any call made upon them, and who can measure their influence? With one accord, and in one mind, let the dear old school and all its pupils work ever for its advancement. Then, indeed, when looking at the long roll of her daughters, Peace may proudly say, “These are my jewels.”

## LOCALS.

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Did you get your medal?

We wish you a pleasant summer.

What warm weather we have had, and how glad we are that it did not come during the examinations!

Mrs. John Toot, of Mayo, Va., was a guest at Peace during the closing exercises. Mary returned with her early Wednesday morning.

Mr. McKelway, of Fayetteville, N. C., preached for us a fine Baccalaureate sermon, and was a welcome inmate of the household for several days.

Miss Mary Slover, of Newbern, returned to us in April. Her many friends welcomed her with pleasure, and we trust that she will return with Mary Guion in the fall.

Our sympathy is extended to Mary Lou Kerr who was called to Clinton by the serious illness and subsequent death of her grandfather.

Invitations were received to the marriage of Sophie Brown, '92, of Winston, to Mr. Norfleet. Sophie made many friends during her stay at Peace, and many good wishes attend her upon the happy event.

On April 20th the Chorus Class scored a triumph in their successful presentation of the operetta, Genevieve. The leading parts were especially well rendered by Eleanor Fields, Mary G. Thompson, Sadie Duncan and Mary S. Thompson. The choruses were charming, and the stage settings, etc., particularly appropriate and pleasing. The proceeds were devoted to buying new books for the Musical Library, and Professor Bryant and his class may well feel proud of their success.



The Juvenile Entertainment is always one of the features of the spring with us. Then the pupils of the Primary and Academic grades have an evening's program that is always charming and well rendered. This year was no exception, and the warmest praise was accorded the talented little folks. The following is the program :

Chorus—The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Recitation—The Little Housekeeper. Miss Roberta Thackston.

Recitation—What Does Little Birdie Say? Miss Luie Miller.

Duet—The Carnival of Venice. Misses Lula McDonald and Moselle Stringfield.

Recitation—Little White Pinafore. Miss Mary Briggs.

Recitation—The Fisher. Master Herbert Carroll.

French Scene—A L'Ecole.

Solo—The Little Dancer. Miss Maude Dinwiddie.

Recitation—Tripping into Town. Miss Lula McDonald.

Recitation—Three Little Toadstools. Misses Mary Briggs, Willa Norris, and Roberta Thackston.

Chorus—The Owl.

Recitation—Dorothy's Opinion. Miss Willa Norris.

Recitation—The Child Musician. Miss Moselle Stringfield.

Recitation—Sixty Years Ago. Miss Pattie Carroll.

Duet—Philomel Polka. Misses Clara Simmons and Moselle Stringfield.

Bar Bells.—First Class in Physical Culture.

Easter Monday was a holiday with us, and we enjoyed every moment of the day. Parties of girls visited places of interest about the city, some developing sufficient energy to walk to the Asylum and back. In the evening we attended a good concert given by the University Glee Club.

On April 13th the Musical History Class entertained their friends with a delightful program of "Dance Music."

Beginning with the earliest styles, they presented a type of each, and Mr. Darnall traced the development of this music down to the present day. This is only one of the pleasant evenings given by the class, for we recall with pleasure the Beethoven program given earlier in the spring, and those which preceded it. The work in this line will be still further developed next year, so we may, in advance, count upon many a charming special program.

The new catalogues are now out and a copy will be mailed to any one applying for the same. There is some change in the Science course, the time devoted to Physics and Chemistry being greatly increased. It is ever "onward" with us, and this change will be appreciated by all.

On a Saturday early in May, Mr. Dinwiddie planned and carried to successful execution one of the most pleasant trips of the year. He had a special coach attached to the mail train, and at 12 o'clock we went to Wake Forest, where we spent several hours. The professors and students gave us a royal welcome, and we feel under many obligations to them for the very pleasant stay at the College.

The History Evening in April was a unique and charming affair. All the members of the history classes represented some historical character, and when grouped upon the stage made an impressive tableau. Even more entertaining, however, was the panorama which was made as, one by one, the groups moved across the scene and played their parts. The costumes were particularly effective and the entire evening was most entertaining and instructive.

After days of very inclement weather, nature seemed to smile on the unveiling of the lovely monument erected to our Confederate Dead, and a more beautiful day could not have been desired. Early in the morning the crowd began gathering in the capitol grounds and the streets around, and thousands were present to see the completion of this

noble work of the earnest and patriotic women of our grand Old North State. The procession was a most imposing scene. Starting from the foot of Fayetteville Street it made a circuit of the most important streets, and of course passed Peace. For this the school was decorated in flags and bunting, and on the top floor, in our college colors, was placed the name of the institute. The houses along the lines of march were all beautifully draped with bunting, and the business portion of the city presented quite a gala aspect. At the capitol very interesting ceremonies were held. Through the kindness of Marshal Carroll, the Peace girls were given most desirable seats, where they could hear the speeches made by some of the most eloquent orators of our State. Amid the wildest enthusiasm, the cannon roared forth their message, while the church bells chimed in to tell that the beautiful monument, given by the ladies and received by the State, had been unveiled as a fitting tribute to the heroes of the Lost Cause.

One of the most pleasant features of the Unveiling was the host of friends who came to Peace to greet us. Among these were Janie Withers, of Davidson; Kate Southerland and Mrs. Davis, of Mt. Olive; Lottie Peyton, of Greensboro; Mr. and Mrs. Faust, of Liberty; Isabel and Janie Fairley, of Manchester; Bessie Davidson and May Krouse, of Lincolnton; Mr. and Mrs. John Reed; Mrs. Shaw and party, of Carthage; and Flora Patterson, of Sanford.

Among the visitors during Commencement week we mention with pleasure Miss Harris, of South Boston, Virginia; Miss Hancock, of Newbern; Mrs. Archer, of Kenansville; Annie Rankin, of Mooresville; Mrs. Ives, of Newbern; Rev. L. B. Turnbull, of Durham; Mr. Dillon, of LaGrange; Mr. Long, of Elon College; and Mr. Pomeroy, of Graham.

## EXCHANGES.

Before we hand the Exchange to our successors, we wish to thank our college friends for their liberal exchanges and kind words in our behalf during the past year, and to wish them unlimited success in the coming session.

The "History of the Battalion of North Carolina Artillery, etc.," in *University of North Carolina Magazine*, was exceedingly interesting, and, after reading it, we felt a deeper interest in the Confederate soldiers as we saw them on the twentieth. This magazine seems partial to history. It gives us an article on "North Carolina Troops in South America"; another on "History, not Myths"; and last, but not least, "History of Wilson Caldwell's life."

In the *Trinity Archive* we specially noticed the well written article, "Tennyson's View of Woman." We are glad that we do not all suffer from the narrow views which "Ida" seemed to hold, but we agree with her in wishing

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity  
Upon an even pedestal with man."

The article on "Music" is very prettily expressed. The author must have had music in his "sole" when he said, "The world itself is full of music." The VOICES wish to thank the *Archive* for the invitation received. It is one of the prettiest we have seen, and we wish them much pleasure during the Commencement Exercises.

We hope the editors of the *Davidson Monthly* have come to a satisfactory decision as to whether the attendance on religious exercises should be compulsory or not. We are inclined to agree with the decision at the close of the article, the "principle being conducive to little good and much evil." We think the two articles, "Poetic Interpretation of Nature" and "Migration of the Muses" particularly good.



*The Converse Concept* made a just criticism of an article in the spring issue of our magazine. The Renaissance has, indeed, the broad meaning of a general awakening, yet it is often used in the strict sense of *artistic* regeneration. As "The Italian Renaissance" was written for the Art Evening, we may well be pardoned for eliminating all thought save that of the noble group of painters who stand as representative geniuses of the age, for

"Who seeks but one thing in life, and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life be done."

The proper setting of the article having been thoroughly understood by us, we failed to explain to the reader that it was written from the artistic standpoint only.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Mnemosynean*, *The College Message*, *Guilford Collegian*, *The Tar Heel*, *The Elon College Monthly*, and others, and hope that the VOICES may hear from all again next year.

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